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One of the chief marks of distinction in all races is, according to the leading anatomists, to be found in the shape of the skull. Professor Huxley\* has gone so far as to class the ancient Phœnicians, and all the ancient long-heads of the Mediterranean coasts, with the long-heads of modern Europe. This is startling to us after all that we have been taught in our youth ; but it is not the less a sound classification, if the number of skulls, or artistic representations, be sufficient to establish the length of the ancient heads. The application of a similar principle to the Germans would probably include in the same class with them the Lapps, the Finns, and perhaps some of the races called Slavonic. Then, of course, would arise the question, How are all these races to be distinguished from the Teutons? This might, perhaps, be done in a variety of ways : by minor differences of physical characteristics ; by differences of mental characteristics ; or simply on the principle of geographical distribution. But there cannot be a doubt that, in all scientific questions, an accurate and universally received nomenclature is of the utmost importance. There is, I believe, no dispute about the fact, that most Germans belong to one of the two grand anatomical divisions of the human family, most Englishmen to the other. But in order that we may settle satisfactorily those questions of race, with which are bound up some of the most interesting and important objects of human enquiry, we ought to have a clear and rigorous definition of terms. I do not presume to say more than that a *typical* Teuton belongs to a well-marked class of human beings ; and I hope those who frequently use the word will come forward and answer, more precisely, the question, What is a Teuton?

L. OWEN PIKE.

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### KNOX ON THE SAXON RACE.

Those who pride themselves on the unsullied racial purity and invincible character of the Conventional Briton, will receive a severe shock on reading De Foe's *True-blooded Englishman*, or, indeed, on becoming acquainted with the history of England. The British islands have been invaded and conquered so frequently, that their

\* *Prehistoric Remains of Caithness*, p. 130. Professor Huxley attaches less importance to osteological resemblances than to resemblances of skin and hair. But it must be remembered that when we travel back to extreme antiquity, the osteological evidence is all that remains.

present inhabitants must be considered as either the most mongrel of races, or a *mélange* of distinct races, according as we incline to the hypothesis of amalgamation, or the reverse. Speaking conventionally, all the natives of Great Britain and Ireland, our vast colonial possessions, and millions of subjected races, are Britons. We recognise four distinct nationalities,—as English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh. But when we attempt to ascertain the true racial cognomen of the English, we are deafened by a Babel of conflicting scientific voices proceeding from anthropologists, ethnographers, philologists, historians, etc. There is wisdom in a multitude of counsellors; but—

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”

What are we English? Does any one know? Are we British, or Gaels, or Teutons, or Cymri, or Romans, or Belgians, or Saxons, or Angles, or Danes, or Norse, or Jutes, or Frisians, or Scandinavians, or Normans? Are we an amalgamation, or are all these types found tolerably pure on our soil? We had got it so comfortably settled that we were a Germanic, or Teutonic, or Saxon people, using the term Saxon in a generic sense, because a great number of Germans were called by the name of a small tribe, just as all Hellenes were called *Greeks* by the Romans. Angles and Saxons were used as convertible terms, and when we were asked what we were, we proudly replied Anglo-Saxons! Somehow or other we got over the difficulty that the Saxons are a light-haired, blue-eyed, fair race, and that not one in ten of the people we meet answers to this description. As to the beauty of our Saxon ancestors, was not *that* settled by the well-known anecdote of the Roman Pontiff who punned on the English fair-haired youths in these words: “*Non Angli sed Angeli, si fuissent Christiani*”? But when we spoke nationally, we called ourselves Britons, asseverating that Britannia ruled the waves, and that Britons never would be slaves; quite forgetting the awkward fact that the Britons have been slaves from the earliest recorded period; from the time when they permitted their Druids to burn batches of them in wicker cages; during their successive subjugations by the Romans, Saxons, Jutes, Angles, Danes, and other Northern pirates, to the last conquest by the Normans, from which neither Saxons nor British have thoroughly recovered. Cicero says, the ugliest and stupidest slaves came from Britain! and urges his friend Atticus “not to buy slaves from Britain, on account of their stupidity, and inaptitude to learn music and other accomplishments.” Cæsar writes, “In their domestic and social habits the Britons are regarded as the most savage of nations. They are clothed with skins, wear the hair of their heads unshaved and long, but shave the rest of their bodies except the

upper lip, and stain themselves a blue colour with woad, which gives them a horrible aspect in battle."

The brave Britons who never would be slaves, had grown so effeminate while enslaved by the Romans, that after the withdrawal of the legions, they were unable to protect themselves from the incursions of the Picts, and whined to the Romans for help thus: "To Aëtius, thrice Consul! The groans of the Britons. Driven by our barbarous enemy to the sea, and from thence back upon the barbarians, we have only left us the choice of a grave; either to be killed by the one or drowned by the other." As the Romans could give them no more help, our brave ancestors preferred, to the alternative of liberty or death, calling in the Saxons, and subjecting themselves to a new slavery, which lasted upwards of six hundred years, until the battle of Hastings transferred both Britain and Saxon to the iron rule of the Norman.

Knox touches the invincibility of the Briton with a graphic pen. Rambling on the sea beach near Folkstone by moon-light, he thus records his impressions:—

"At no great distance lay Hastings, that bloody field, surpassing far in its terrible results the unhappy day of Waterloo. From this the Celt has recovered, but not so the Saxon. To this day he feels deeply the most disastrous day that ever befel his race; here he was trodden down by the Norman, whose iron heel is on him yet. Here William found a congenial race, driving with them into Northern England the Saxon race, and here was all but annihilated the liberties of mankind: the question which transcends all others—whether man is to be a free man or a slave—was nearly settled at Hastings. To this day the Saxon race in England have never recovered a title of their rights, and probably never will. As I thought over these great events [great, not from the handful of men who boldly cut each other's throats at Hastings, like stout yeomen and good Christians, but great beyond all expression when viewed as a contest of principle, of race; freedom against slavery; the reign of the law against the reign of the sword, whose most terrible evils still subsist in England, untouched and unassailed], I bethought me of visiting the bee-hive-looking village, not altered, I believe, since Harold's time, clustered on the slope of those white cliffs so celebrated in English song. A vulgar, filthy, mechanical wall and rail crossed the village, but clearing its low, ill-shaped arch, the sea-beach was once more before me, with ships high and dry on the strand, in no ways larger than what accompanied William on that grand voyage when, true to his race, he singled out England as his antagonist—Saxon England, freed at the time from continental despotism, continental slavery, continental dynasties. Here, on this strand, I heard the sound of revelry proceeding from a small inn or alehouse, frequented no doubt by tradesmen and fishermen. Music it was not—it would be a profanation of the term to call it so; a body of jolly companions were roaring the ditty called "Rule Britannia," and how Britons never would be slaves, on that very spot where these

Britons were beaten to a stand-still by the single force of an adventurer, and their country subjected to the most abject slavery ; an enduring slavery, never to be overcome." (P. 135.)

Verily nothing is sacred in these revolutionary days. Our scientific, our theological faiths are rudely attacked. Ruthless writers, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Pike, and others will no longer permit us to believe ourselves an Anglo-Saxon race. Those who think the English Saxons, depict the Anglo-Saxon as everything that is good. The opposite school think him everything that is bad. Mr. William Maccall has written a lively sketch of "The Fabulous Anglo-Saxon."\* After depicting the exaggerated praises heaped on this being, he observes, he tried to discover who the Anglo-Saxon was, and he is "compelled to avow that the Anglo-Saxon is a wholly fabulous personage ; or that if he exists or has existed, he has always been a dunce, a dupe, driveller, and a drudge." It was not a pure Celtic race which the Romans conquered. "Were, however, the Romans monks ?" They must have blended with the British. Were not the Danes as likely as the Saxons "to cut a keen and deep signature of themselves in a nation's fate by the brain and heart as well as by the sword ?" "It is forgotten that the Norman conquest was not, like the Danish conquest, a Scandinavian victory. When the Norsemen seized a large and noble region of France, how soon the blue eyes, the golden hair, the fair complexion of their ancestors vanished ! Beyond valour and a stalwart frame, the Normans brought with them to England few of the Scandinavian characteristics. Their eyes were black, their complexions were swarthy, and by both, their descendants are recognisable." He thinks England chiefly indebted for culture and civilisation to the Normans. "Under the sway of Anglo-Saxonism England proper stagnated and decayed ; by the intermixture of livelier blood it began to move and to march ; by the help of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, it can boast of being the most solid and magnificent empire on the globe." He attributes to the Germans "four principal characteristics, breadth, massiveness, persistency, lethargy ; the elastic, electrical, sympathetic qualities are all absent. Aggressive the race can never be, etc. Nothing can much modify or stir the inherent apathy of the Germanic temper. Carrying to excess whatever is loutish and lumbering in the Germanic race, the Anglo-Saxons were distinguished in an extraordinary measure by the Germanic repulsiveness. It was their destiny, like that of the Germanic race generally to be absorbed instead of absorbing." But England's obligations to the Anglo-Saxon are considerable. "A man cannot sit without a wherewith ; but the wherewith, though an indispensable, is not deemed the divinest

\* *National Reformer*, Feb. 25, 1866.

part of the human frame. Anglo-Saxonism is England's sitting part ; they, however, who have a stalwart and exuberant sitting part are too much inclined to sit still ; and England, when simply sitting still and doing nothing, has always boasted of this as a very great merit indeed."

Earl Russell's policy "of a masterly inaction" may be thought to serve as an illustration of Mr. Maccall's analysis of this invaluable Anglo-Saxon quality. He continues : "A certain obese conservatism and a certain navy vigour constitute England's debt to the Anglo-Saxon. They help England doubtless, but how much they hinder, and at what enormous expense they are obtained ! He thinks enlightened Scotchmen and Irishmen detest an Englishman in the exact degree of his Anglo-Saxonism—appreciate and admire him in the exact degree that he diverges therefrom, and that foreigners herein agree with Scotch and Irish." He then draws a comparison between the Anglo-Saxon and the Norway rat, which has almost exterminated the black rat, once common in England. The exterminating rat "has sundry salient Anglo-Saxon faculties, and should therefore be duly revered and admired. He is a dull, heavy, voracious rat, and he has overwhelmed a livelier, more valiant, more gifted race, not by courage, scarcely even by strength, but by sheer ponderosity." Another point of resemblance "is his pride and purity of breed. His sluggish blood he jealously guards from contamination. All alliance with strangers he obstinately and fiercely shuns." Mr. Maccall might have strengthened the comparison by pointing out the analogy between the light-haired Saxon, and the colour of the invading rat, which is a light brown above, and a dirty white below ; and that between the black-haired swarthy Celt, and the almost exterminated British black rat. He concludes "that either the Anglo-Saxon is a wholly fabulous personage, or that wherever his influence can be distinctly traced, it is the least noble and vital of the forces to which England is indebted for its eminence as conqueror and coloniser. Let us leave Anglo-Saxonism to prigs, bookworms, and blockheads, and call ourselves simply and frankly Britons or Englishmen."

We shall now lay before the reader an abstract of the views of Knox, who delineates impartially the good and bad qualities of the Anglo-Saxon.

"Of the origin of the Saxon or Scandinavian race we know as much as of the origin of man—nothing. In remote times, a race of men differing from all others, physically and mentally, dwelt in Scandinavia—in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Holstein—on the shores of the Baltic, by the mouths of the Rhine, on its northern and eastern bank. Their various irruptions into civilised Europe were due to their in-

ordinate self-esteem ; to their love of independence, which makes them dislike the proximity of a neighbour ; to their hatred for dynasties and governments ; democrats by their nature, the only democrats on the earth, the only race which truly comprehends the meaning of the word liberty. The race was early in Greece, say 3,500 years ago, and contributed mainly, no doubt, to the formation of the noblest of all men—the statesmen, poets, sculptors, mathematicians, metaphysicians, historians of ancient Greece. The Saxon element is gradually becoming extinct in the south of Europe, returning and confined to the countries in which it was originally found—Holland, West Prussia, Holstein, the northern states of the ancient Rhenish Confederation, Saxony Proper, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The Saxon of England must have occupied eastern Scotland and eastern England as far south as the Humber, long prior to the historic period, when the German Ocean was scarcely a sea. The Danes and Angles who attacked South England, did not make the same impression on it. South England remains in the hands of the original inhabitants, a Belgian race. The geographical position of the Saxon is in Europe, intersected and amalgamated with the Sarmatian and Slavonian ; with the Celtic in Switzerland ; deeply with the Slavonian and Fleming in Austria and on the Rhine ; thinly spread throughout Wales ; in possession, as occupants of the soil, of northern and eastern Ireland. Carrying out the destinies of his race, obeying his physical and moral nature, the Anglo-Saxon, aided by his insular position, takes possession of the ocean, becomes the great tyrant at sea. Ships, colonies, commerce—these are his wealth, therefore his strength. A nation of shopkeepers grasps at universal power ; founds a colony, such as the world never saw before ; loses it as a result of the principle of race. Nothing daunted, founds others, to lose them all in succession, and for the same reason—race. A handful of large-handed spatula-fingered Saxon traders holds military possession of India. Divided by nationalities into different groups—as English, Dutch, German, United States man, cordially hating each other, the race still hopes to be ultimately masters of the world” (Pp. 45 to 49).

Let us consider physical and mental qualities. “The Saxons are a tall powerful athletic race of men ; the strongest as a race on the face of the earth. They have fair hair, with blue eyes, and so fine a complexion that they may almost be considered the only absolutely fair race on the face of the globe.” (P. 50.)\* This seems to dispose of the pretensions of those who consider the English a homogeneous Saxon race. We may see daily the fair-haired Saxon type forming a marked contrast with the swarthy, black-haired Celt and Belgian. Who can doubt that the blonde and brunette types are descendants from distinct

\* “Homer must have seen a Scandinavian woman, else he could not have described Penelope. The complexion he assigns her exists in no other race” (p. 473).

races? In spite of so many centuries of interblending or miscegenation, the present occupants of Britain present a great variety of types, morally, physically, and mentally distinct, as admirably stated by Mr. D. Mackintosh, F.G.S.\* Either, races have not intermingled to the extent supposed, or each race depurates itself from the mixture of alien blood, in obedience to a physiological law insisted on by Dr. Knox. We have quite recently heard it stated, as a result of many years' study and personal observation, that it was impossible to mix the blood of races, or even of individuals; and that the children of parents of different temperaments never combined the temperaments of both, but reproduced respectively those belonging to one or the other.† An opinion which derives some countenance from the following by Mr. Mackintosh: "There would appear to be types which have become sufficiently hardened to resist amalgamation, and even in England many phenomena would seem to indicate that hybridity is followed by extinction or reversion to the original. In some parts, where interblending has occurred to a considerable extent, we still find distinct types identifiable with those which may be classified in remote and comparatively unmixed districts, and very frequently two or more types may be seen in the same family. In many cases, typical amalgamation does not apparently take place at all, but the children of two parents of distinct types follow or 'favour' the one or the other parent, or occasionally some ancestor more or less remote."

Some time ago, Mrs. Somerville drew attention to the alleged decrease in the number of fair and light-haired persons, the cause being ascribed to the prejudice against yellow and red hair, and the matrimonial preference for dark-haired women. If this be true, public taste has signally altered. Fair-haired women are, or were till recently, so much in the ascendant, as to cause a very general alteration in the colour of dark hair by artificial means.‡ We have long been of opinion that, as in friendship, persons are attracted by contrast, rather than by similarity, so, in the relation between the sexes, men and women mutually are attracted by their physical as well as psychical opposites. In plain words, it has almost passed into an axiom that dark like fair, and fair like dark. It would be an interesting anthropological inquiry to discover by personal observation how

\* "Comparative Anthropology of England and Wales," *Anthrop. Review*, Jan. 1866.

† See report of discussion at Anthropological Society on a paper entitled "Europeans, and their Descendants in America." April 14, 1868.

‡ See "Red Hair," a letter by J. McGrigor Allan, F.A.S.L., in *Public Opinion*. July 20, 1867.



far marriages prove the truth of this opinion.\* This love of contrast, however, has its limits, and appears only to exist between closely affiliated races. The white races all entertain more or less antipathy for the dark. This antipathy is far greater in the fair northern races than in the dark southern races of Europe, and in the Saxon, "the only absolutely fair race," it reaches its acme. "There is no denying the fact," writes Knox, "that the Saxon, call him by what name you will, has a perfect horror for his darker brethren" (p. 230). "The Saxon will not mingle with them (Mexican Indians); the Spaniards, the Celts, and Iberians would, but not the Saxon" (p. 262). "No Saxon will mingle with dark blood; with him the dark races must be slaves, or cease to exist" (p. 263).† The generality of British and Americans hate the Negro like poison. The philanthropic northern lady, loving the blacks so deeply *in theory*, is well characterised in this speech of Topsy: "Missis would as lieve touch a toad as me." It appears to be a natural antipathy which all the platform philanthropists of new and old England will never be able to remove. And if they did, what would become of the political and religious capital now made out of the stereotyped subject—the wrongs of the Negro? Othello's occupation would be gone with a vengeance! What multitudes of white old women of both sexes would be at once thrown out of employ!

\* It would be necessary to confine our observations mainly to the humbler classes, where marriages are no doubt still made from *affection*. In the upper and middle classes, marriage is far too much an affair of the stock-exchange to form a correct criterion of the unbiassed tastes of matrimonial speculators. Hearts have been defined as little red things, which men and women play with for money.

† The Dutch at the Cape (Saxon) have a perfect horror of the coloured races; it extends to the mulatto, whom they absolutely despise. The placing a coloured man in an important official situation in South Africa, has caused to Britain the loss of some millions, and laid the basis for the ultimate separation of that colony from Britain (p. 473). "Whilst I write [case of Dr. Thompson, a native of India, at this moment before the House of Commons], the Saxon government of England refuses to admit into the medical service of the English army a native of India, on the ground of his being, to a certain extent, a coloured man. The Under-Secretary of State denies that the ground of refusal is *colour*; but I know that it is simply *colour*,—that is, race. The hypocrisy of the Anglo-Saxon tries everywhere to avoid this question, which meets him, in one form or another, in every part of his heterogeneous dominions. He tries to make it appear that medical men being employed in all climates, a native of India is not a suitable person to enter the service! Profound hypocrisy!" (p. 564). We have heard a young British officer speak of a Hindoo of high caste as "a nigger." The contempt with which the Colonial Office treated the letter of the late Emperor Theodore, caused the detention of the captives, a costly war, and the death of a brave man! Bureaucratic insolence, founded on racial antipathy, has taken five or six millions out of John Bull's pocket.

To continue our abstract from Knox : "The Saxon is fair, not because he lives in a temperate or cold climate, but because he is a Saxon. Thoughtful, plodding, industrious beyond all other races, a lover of labour for labour's sake ; he cares not if its amount be but profitable ; large-handed, mechanical, a lover of order, of punctuality in business, of neatness and cleanliness. In these qualities no race approaches him ; the wealthy with him is the sole respectable ; the respectable the sole good ; the word comfort is never out of his mouth—it is the beau-ideal of the Saxon. His genius is wholly applicative, for he invents nothing. In the fine arts,\* and in music, taste cannot go lower. The race in general has no musical ear, and they mistake noise for music. The marrow-bones and cleaver belong to them ; prize-fights, bull-baiting with dogs, sparring-matches, rowing, horse-racing, gymnastics ; the boor is peculiar to the Saxon race.† When young, they cannot sit still an instant, so powerful is the desire for work, labour, excitement, muscular exertion. Their self-esteem is so great, their self-confidence so matchless, that they cannot possibly imagine any man or set of men to be superior to themselves. Accumulative beyond all others, the wealth of the world collects in their hands (52, 55). Notwithstanding the wealth of the Anglo-Saxon, no nation presents such a frightful mass of squalid poverty and wretchedness, rendering it doubtful whether such a form of civilisation be a blessing or a curse to humanity. I lean with Tacitus to the latter opinion" (57). "No race perhaps exceeds them in a love of fair play ; *but only to Saxons*. This, of course, they do

\* "It has been seriously proposed, and that from a very high clerical quarter, that there should be none but draped statues in the Crystal Palace, where the enthusiastic art-student may feast his eyes on correct reproductions of the master-pieces of sculpture, collected from every gallery in Europe. The Roman empire fell from Vandalism without ; but our Vandalism is within. An exceedingly narrow-minded gentleman, from a provincial town, once favoured me with his opinions on the statues of Venus and Apollo in the British Museum, and also on the casts in the Crystal Palace. The Goth agreed with the clerical dignitary to whom I have referred, and thought it extremely improper that such statues should be exhibited. "Think of their effect on young men from the country." He went on to make such remarks respecting these matchless creations, as sufficiently proved to me, that the grossness and impurity of his own ignorant and wanton mind formed a veil impenetrable by all ideas of beauty. "There are countenances," says John Sterling, "far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus." Such is the Saxon British Philistine !—*The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women*, by J. McGrigor Allan, F.A.S.L.

† Dr. Knox might have added, hunting, shooting, fishing, coursing, and possibly some other gentle amusements, all involving the most horrible cruelty to animals, indulged in by the upper classes of the nation, whose boast it is to teach the nations how to live !

not extend to other races. Aware of his strength of chest and arms, he uses them in self-defence; the Celt flies uniformly to the sword. To-day and to-morrow is all the Saxon looks to; yesterday, he cares not for; it is past and gone. He is the man of circumstances, of expediency without method; "try all things, but do not theorise." Give me constants is his cry. Hence his contempt for men of science; his hatred for genius arises from another cause; he cannot endure the idea that any man is really superior in anything to himself. The absence of genius in his race he feels; he dislikes to be told it; he attempts to crush it wherever it appears. Men of genius he calls humbugs, impostors" (58.) If we admit this portraiture, it is evident that Shakespere, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Locke, and the long roll of Englishmen of genius could not be Saxons. For these we must look to other sources. Knox particularly informs us that Saxon literature must not be confounded with modern German literature, which is of Slavonian origin. The word German is equivocal. It misled Arnold, Niebuhr, and others. "My countrymen have confounded the literature of the middle, South German, and Slavonian races, with the Scandinavian or North German; nothing was ever more distinct."\*

In Lecture VIII, "Who are the Germans?" Knox observes: "What is the quality of mind which most distinguishes one race from another; one individual from another; man from woman; the dark from the fair portion of mankind? The power of generalisation, of abstract thought, of rising from detail to general laws. There is a small knob of bone growing upon the inner side of the arm-bone of man, in most persons scarcely apparent. All the Saxon nations on earth could not, in twenty centuries, have explained the nature, the meaning of this nodule of bone; perhaps might never even have observed its presence. But from a race of men in central and southern Germany, the countries on the Upper Rhine and Danube, this, and a thousand other phenomena, inexplicable by the men of material interests, matter-of-

\* "To the South German, to the mixed race of Slavonian and German origin, we owe this doctrine of transcendental anatomy,—to that imaginative race, to whom we owe all that is imaginative, romantic, and transcendental in the so-called German language and German people. To the true Saxon, the classic German, the Swede, the Dutchman, the thoroughbred Englishman, the Saxon,—when pure,—the men of material interests, the men abounding in common sense and occupied with the business of the day, what signifies to such men the metaphysics of Kant, the reveries of Schiller and Schlegel, the music of Beethoven, the transcendentalism of Oken, of Spix, of Goethe, and of Humboldt?" (p. 169).

"A noble mind builds St. Paul's,—a copy it is true, and an imitation of a greater, but a noble imitation, satisfying all minds. The thing is vaunted as national! native! Straightway, as if to unmask the imposture, a certain building appears in Trafalgar Square: a hideous bronze or two show themselves about Hyde Park,—natives, no doubt; quite original" (p. 453).

fact men, men of detail, Saxon men, there met with a full and complete elucidation. The men of South Germany (Slavonians) discovered the transcendental theory of organic bodies—the greatest discovery ever made, not even excepting that law of gravitation—that theory of fluxions, a discovery shared with Newton by the German Leibnitz.

“All that is free in Saxon countries, Saxons owe to themselves; their laws, manners, institutions, they brought with them from the woods of Germany, and they have transferred them to the woods of America. They owe nothing to any kings, or princes, or chiefs; originally, they had neither chief nor king, a general in war was *elected* when required.”

It seems that it is not to the Anglo-Saxons we are indebted for that truly British Red Tape Institution, the divided authority of the Horse Guards and the War Office. A method of conducting the public military service with precision, dispatch, and official responsibility which would not be tolerated by despotic continental governments. But John Bull is too well aware from experience of its many advantages to part with it in a hurry!

“In their ideas of ‘property in land’ they differ also from other races; they do not admit that any class or family, dynasty or individual, can appropriate to himself, or to his hereditary heirs, any portion of the earth’s surface. Hence their abhorrence for feudality, tenures, hereditary rights, and laws of primogeniture.” (P. 59.)

“No Saxon man admits, in his own mind, the right of any individual on earth, be he who he may, to appropriate to himself and to his family, whether to the eldest or any other son, any portion of the earth’s surface to the exclusion *in perpetuo* of the rest of mankind; but sensible that the earth must be cultivated by some one, which cultivation never can give any further right in the soil than the value imparted to it by the labour of the *ad vitam* occupant; treating it, in fact, like any other goods or chattels, he makes it liable for the debts of the occupant, and further ordains that at his death it shall be sold to the highest bidder, for the behoof of widow, children, and creditors, if any; the ultimate object being to restore the land to the community at large. If it be otherwise in many parts of England, it is because the government is not Saxon but Norman; that is, the government of a dynasty and aristocracy antagonistic of the race. Were the evil attaining any great magnitude, it would revolutionise England. But to revolutionise is Celtic; to reform, Saxon; and so, probably with time, feudality and primogeniture, the two greatest curses that ever fell on man, may, at last, peaceably be driven from this semi-Saxon country. Still, I have some doubts of this. It is the last stronghold of the Norman dynasty and their defenders; and the question may yet, even in England, be decided by the sword. It was introduced, no doubt, into England chiefly by the Norman conquest, the greatest calamity that ever befel England—perhaps the human race.” (P. 328.)

Had Knox lived to witness the pulling down of Hyde Park railings on the memorable evening of July 23, 1866, he would have characterised that Reform demonstration as a rising of the Saxon people against the Norman government, and would, no doubt, have adduced it as another illustration of the war of races.

"Soldiers and soldiering they despise as being unworthy of free men ; the difficulty of teaching them military discipline and tactics arises from the awkwardness of their forms and slowness of movement, and from their inordinate self-esteem. But when disciplined, their infantry, owing to the strength of the men, becomes the first in the world." (P. 59.)

M. Thiers has admitted that the French have never withstood the British troops charging with the bayonet.

"The Saxon despises soldiering, so that his armies generally are heavy, cumbrous, and expensive. He is trained or disciplined with great difficulty. The *pure English peasantry* make wretched soldiers; they have neither the shape nor the qualities fitting them for war. The proper field for action of the Saxon is the ocean."

May not the great reputation of Scotch and Irish regiments be traced to Celtic valour? The loyal Irish and the Highland Clans terrified Saxon England, and nearly succeeded in replacing the Stuarts on the throne.\*

"The Saxon is not warlike, and he hates unprofitable wars ; but he is as brave as any man, and his strength and obstinacy make him a formidable enemy. As the Saxon, by becoming a soldier, loses the esteem of his fellow-Saxons, so the status of the English soldier in society can never be raised ; the meanest independent labourer despises him ; he has sold his independence, the natural birthright of the Saxon." (P 472.)†

"Man sinks rapidly in the scale of civilisation when removed from the great stream. At the third generation, the Saxon boor, in a remote land, sinks nearly to the barbarian ; active and energetic, no doubt, still a Saxon, but not the less a boor and a vulgar barbarian." (P 62.)

The prophetic saying of Gibbon, Knox considers applicable to the European Saxon wherever found.

"Applicable to the descendants of those free and bold men who

\* See "Knox on the Celtic Race."—*Anthrop. Review*, April 1868.

† Our own personal experience fully endorses these observations of Knox. We remember well on one occasion, hearing the fair-haired Saxon wife of a highly respectable artillery-serjeant, stating the reluctance with which she accepted her husband, *because he was a soldier* ! All her neighbours, friends, and members of her family, thought she had demeaned herself by marrying a soldier. What a remarkable contrast does French public opinion, among a similar class, present to this Saxon antipathy to the military profession !

originally brought with them, in all their migrations from Scandinavia, those free institutions under which free men alone can live—trial by jury, and equality before the laws, protection of life and property; a race who obeyed no king nor chief; who resisted oppression in every shape, and to whom the most abhorred of all despotisms, a feudal nobility with laws of primogeniture, were unknown; amongst whom all were equal, all noble alike. To all this race, now crushed down by the Sarmatian and Celtic races of Europe; broken up, dispersed, enslaved; their lives and properties placed at the mercy of some five or six brutal families or dynasties; the very best blood of all the race, the Jutlander, the Saxon, the free man of Baden and of Wirtemberg, lorded it over by a few paltry families, unknown to fortune or renown (to Celtic republican (?) France they now know they need not look for aid in their next struggle for liberty; let Rome be a lesson to them); to all this race, and not to England alone, does this prophetic passage in Gibbon's works apply:—"Should it ever happen that in Europe brutal military despots should succeed in extinguishing the liberties of men, threatening with the same unhappy fate the inhabitants of this island (England), they, mindful of their Saxon origin, would doubtless escape across the ocean, carrying to a new world their institutions, religion, and laws." (P. 63.)

Can a race permanently change its locality, establish itself in a continent to which it is not indigenous? This profoundly practical question, so important to the colonising Saxon-British, Knox answers most decidedly in the negative. A Saxon cannot become an American, an African, an Indian, an Australian! No race can live and thrive in all climates. To the argument that England is a colony from Scandinavia, Holstein, and Jutland; Ireland seemingly from Spain; he replies that Britain was, prior to the historic period, probably united to Continental Europe, or separated by shallow water-basins, brackish-pools, not affecting greatly the climate.

"That colonies from opposite shores, crossing merely an inland sea, should succeed in establishing themselves on its margin or coast, need not excite any surprise. But when the same or other races attempt the colonisation of another and a different region—a zone of the earth distinct from theirs, a group of land and water, on which originated a distinct group of life, animal and vegetable—the case is widely different, as all history proves." (P. 121.)

But, he asks the Saxons,—

"Have you yet succeeded in substituting yourselves for another race? In south England, you overthrew the Fleming and the Norman at first; but William drove you back again into northern and central England: your government is strictly Norman; your dynasty—continental; your peasantry—slaves. Had a bridge connected Normandy with South England, your race would have been driven still further to the north by an antagonistic race, numerically as strong as your own. In Wales you have made no pro-

gress, your very language being rejected by the Cymri. In Ireland, your existence seems to me to depend on Orange-lodges, composed, no doubt, mostly of Saxon men. Eastern and southern Scotland is, no doubt, yours, but the Caledonian Celt still holds his country. Thus it would appear that, after all, Britain is not so thoroughly a Saxon colony as was thought; a repetition of *Hastings* under Napoleon would have closed its career as a *Saxon country*, and free men, of true Saxon blood, must have sped their way in ships and boats across the Atlantic, there to make their last stand for civil and religious liberty: these you have not in Britain, nor in Ireland; but in their stead a mighty sham which suits the age and times." (P. 138.)

As to tropical countries, even English people begin to admit that they cannot be colonised.\*

"European inhabitants of Jamaica, of Cuba, of Hispaniola, and of the Windward and Leeward Isles, what progress have you made since your first establishment there? Cease importing fresh European blood, and watch the results. The European cannot colonise a tropical country; he cannot identify himself with it; hold it, he may, with the sword, as we hold India, and as Spain once held Central America; but inhabitants of it, in the strict sense of the term, they cannot become." (P. 108.)

"In western tropical Africa, the 'season' generally reduces England's efforts at colonisation to a dozen or two white men,—the result of a century's exertions on the part of England. Mighty England, with her fast-growing race, cannot colonise a single acre of a tropical African country: her flag, however, still waves over it, no African seemingly thinking it worth his while to pull it down. Two bold attempts were made, in my own time, to convert Central Africa into another India,—to discover 'a mine of patronage'; but it would not do. The first attempt was to fill the country with troops; commerce would have answered better; but our Norman government always prefers the bayonet to any other form of progress. Troops were sent in large numbers, composed of deserters, who had commuted their sentence of punishment into enlisting into a condemned regiment. Condemned they were, for few escaped the effects of the deadly climate. The second attempt was made by that profound statesman, Lord Russell. The open bayonet having failed, it was covered with a bale of goods, and sent up the Niger. A central fort, high up the Niger or Quorra, was wanted in the centre of tropical Africa,—a Fort Vittoria,—to enslave countless nations, hitherto free. The second experiment failed, like the first, to be repeated again, no doubt, at some future period." (P. 133.)

In a supplemental chapter, "Africa," Knox thus characterises our

\* "Within the tropics, climate comes to the rescue of those whom nature made, and whom the white man strives to destroy, each race of white men after their own fashion;—the Celt, by the sword; the Saxon, by conventions, treaties, parchment, law. The result is ever the same,—the robbing the coloured races of their lands and liberty."

renewed attempts to get possession of Central Africa before the French, who are invading it from the north. He thinks it would be better for the unhappy Africans to fall under the power of the Celtic man, who deals mildly with the dark races.

"If, on the contrary, the Anglo-Saxon race prevail, and it now—after its usual quiet and seemingly inoffensive way—marches boldly on Central Africa, sending here a missionary, and there a captain of dragoons; now a German doctor, anon a troop of merchants, with a government agent and a missionary, merely to look after the interest of the natives, in a manner well understood in England, and well explained by Dr. Livingstone, also well known in India and in Australia, but nowhere better than in Caffraria,—then, woe to the coloured races of men! Their ancient and most implacable enemy is at last on their soil in force, and the United States of Africa may one day achieve for that continent what the race has all but effected in America,—the extinction of the aboriginal races of the land. Long ere this, the revolting traffic in slaves would have exhausted Africa also of its native race; but commercial and selfish England having, in the *interim*, lost America, and gained India with two hundred millions of ready-made slaves, and no longer requiring the services of the unhappy Negro, proclaims to the world that she will not tolerate the African slave-trade. But should Africa come into possession of the Saxon race, England's sham humanity will be of no advantage to that continent, so long as the colonising, conquering, intrusive race continue to hold for the Negro that unconquerable antipathy, or antagonism, which marks their intercourse with all the coloured races of men."

For Africa, he holds there is but one hope,—the establishment of an imperial government; not on the Napoleonic idea, but on the principles by which Augustus, Trajan, and the Antonines ruled the then known world. It is doubtful if such empires are now possible.

"They existed before the spread of Christianity and Mahometanism. Under an Augustus or an Antonine, man was free to worship the deity of his choice or of his belief,—to practise whatever religious folly he preferred: throughout Europe, at the present time, to cease to be orthodox,—to cease to conform, is to forfeit all, or most of the privileges of citizenship." (Pp. 554, and 555.)

"The future of Africa, to a certain extent, depends on the destinies of the two invading races—Gauls and Saxons. France may remain stationary in Algeria, or even retrace her steps without dishonour; for England there is no such alternative, nor, if there were, would commercial, energetic England accept of it. In advance of her colonists and armies, rush on the Saxon Dutch Boer, committing cruel devastation on the coloured races, and it were as disgraceful as impolitic for England to suffer this much longer. Thus, she must of necessity advance; such being, as is often said, 'the destiny of the race.' If the end resembles her course in America, India, and Australia, the future of the coloured races in Africa may easily be



foretold. And now, mark the difference in the mode of action of the two races. On one side, battalion after battalion are poured into Africa; on the other, meeting after meeting of shrewd, quiet, political men is held in London and Manchester, Oxford and Cambridge; the Guildhall and the Hall of Trinity College, are in perfect unison; nobody mistakes the object,—no one speaks of it,—the aim is Africa. The key giving possession to Central Africa, and of all the continent, has been discovered, and is now in the possession of England. Political agents, under the form of missionaries, merchants, travellers, boers, captains of dragoons, etc., are marching forward to enter on possession. The commercial man, at war with all nations, is there; the soldier is at hand, but kept out of view. On this continent the two great leading European nations now display the essential differences of their race; the *sabreur*—who fights not to enrich his nation but himself—against the bale of cotton and the man of peace,—aggressive, fierce; not warlike, but obstinate and courageous in the defence of what he considers his right. These two races fought the same battle in America, and are about to try it once more in Africa. In the meantime, this new crusade against the heathen,—the black man, the Fetiche worshipper, the accursed of Ham, the descendant of the Canaanites, and who, strange to say, were not Negroes, as they ought to have been,—thrives, and is popular with all classes. It promises new sources of trade, and profitable investment for several influential classes,—the military class, the priestly class, the ruling class, the commercial class.” (Pp. 555, 558.)

Well may Knox write: “I do not find in the history of the conquests of the ancient Greeks and Romans that peculiar savagery, ferocity, hypocrisy, and licentiousness which mark the progress of modern Christian races and nations over the earth”: of “the actuality of the contest which renders the African continent so interesting”: of “its present relation to the European brigands of the present day”: and that “the aim of all the fair races is the same, namely, plunder and conquest.”

“What the most Christian people in the world,—indeed, according to their own belief, the only true Christians on earth,—what this wonderful people did in America and India, they must repeat in Africa, which they now invade at all points. A new crusade has been formed, the banners of which are the Cross surmounting a bale of cotton. Oxford and Manchester combine to push forward the good work, which, aided by the Armstrong gun, cannot fail to reduce Africa to the condition we now so much admire in the United States of America, Australia, India, etc., the native races exterminated, or ground to the earth, in the most abject condition humanity can assume.”

Looking at the atrocities perpetrated by Europeans in general, of our race in particular, in every part of the world, we cannot doubt that we, the most filibustering nation on the globe, are strongly

leavened with the Scandinavian piratical element. Those savage ancestors of ours were at least sincere. They never pretended to be anything else but robbers seeking to establish themselves. They never gave out that their object was to spread religion and civilisation ; But we, while we create a desert, call it peace. We, whose attempts at colonisation bring ruin, degradation, slavery, and extinction on the natives, boast, with brazen effrontery, of our mission to evangelise the heathen ! Can hypocrisy go further ? Surely, the Philistine and Pharisee of Syria were but undeveloped creatures compared to the British Philistine and Pharisee ! Having propagated beyond the means of living comfortably in our own islands, we emigrate to foreign lands, not for our own benefit, but solely to Christianise and civilise the heathen ! Despising the dark races, classifying them, one and all, under one category,—that of “niggers,”—we inflict upon the unfortunate savage our civilisation and the religion of peace, exemplified by our iron-clads, cannon, soldiers, sailors, bibles, rum, missionaries, and land-jobbers. How wonderful that these simple-minded Africans, Australians, New Zealanders, and American aborigines do not love us ! De Tocqueville says (p. 422),—

“The Spaniards pursued the Indians with bloodhounds, like wild beasts. They sacked the New World with no more temper or compassion than a city taken by storm ; but destruction must cease, and frenzy be stayed. The Spaniards were unable to exterminate the Indian race by those unparalleled atrocities, which brand them with indelible shame, nor did they even succeed in wholly depriving it of its rights ; but the Americans of the United States have accomplished this twofold purpose with singular felicity,—tranquilly, legally, philanthropically,—without shedding blood, and without violating a single great principle of morality in the eyes of the world. It is impossible to destroy men with more respect for the laws of humanity.”

We have seen, at the Anthropological Society, a painting representing the last inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, left alive by the British Christian filibuster ;—men, women, and children, cowering round their fire,—in all, *thirteen persons* ! all that are left to represent the results of Saxon civilisation on the native ! Of these, some say *two* are living ; others say *not one* ! Knox writes :—“The Anglo-Saxon has already cleared out Tasmania. It was a cruel, cold-blooded, heartless deed. Australia is too large to attempt the same plan there ! but by shooting the natives as freely as we do crows in other countries, the population must become thin and scarce in time.”\* (P. 144.)

\* “Could he be taught,—could he read and understand the rise and progress of the Anglo-Saxon in America, then war to the knife would be the first and last words of a Chinaman, a Kaffre, a Red Indian, a New Zealander.”

And this is the system of colonisation over which we are requested to sing a pæan under penalty of forfeiting the good opinion of the British Philistine, the Saxon saint, who is shocked with anthropologists for throwing doubts on the time-honoured legend that all men have descended from Adam. Providence, it is contended, evidently meant us to be instrumental in bringing the blessings of religion and civilisation to these benighted races; those who have been and those who are now being more or less rapidly exterminated by our friendly embrace. From a temporal point of view, these savage tribes would certainly have been more fortunate, had they never seen a Bible; been killed by our fire-water; shot down by our rifles, or demoralised and debauched by our rum-dealers and convicts—the scum of our civilisation. Whether we have saved their souls is problematical; but there can be no matter of doubt we have not saved their bodies! Their bones bleach in their native forests. There are few or none left to haunt the graves of their fathers. Where the painted savage roved a free man, a picturesque object in harmony with the romantic aspect of nature; where, in obedience to his religious instinct, he worshipped the Great Spirit, and mused over the happy hunting grounds—

“Saw God in clouds and heard him in the wind,”

an alien race now intrudes: there Christians raise their rival chapels, and the white man, after cheating his neighbour by the use of false weights for six days, on the seventh sings psalms to the God of Jacob. But missionaries write home that the savage perishes singing Dr. Watts's hymns—not raving and cursing the pale-faces, their religion, and their fire-water. The undeniable fact that wherever Europeans settle, there the native races decay and become extinct, is piously attributed to the inscrutable designs of Providence! Old women of both sexes in Britain are persuaded that the good work prospers. Old and young subscribe,—even charity children give pence—to further the conversion and civilisation of the benighted heathen. England looks forward to the day when the world will be all Christian—that is, colonised solely by the white races—covered with cabbages and Anglo-Saxons.\* A worthy old clergyman once expressed to us, in perfect good faith, his joyful conviction that we were very rapidly converting all the heathen: which put into the language of fact, means that by the aid of our fleets, armies, and our superior civilisation

\* “How speedily does the Anglo-Saxon show his real character when relieved from the pressure of the Three Estates. In America, he will not allow a black man to be a free man; in Australia, he deems him entirely below his notice; in Tasmania, he swept him, and at once, entirely from the land of his birth. No compunctious visitings about the ‘fell swoop’ which extinguished a race.” P. 280.

(chiefly illustrated in the art of manufacturing deadly weapons of destruction — Armstrong guns, rifles, iron-clads, and other infernal machines), our fire-water and our enterprising colonists, we are planting our own race in the devastated homes of the aborigines. Yes, with all our greatness in arts, science, and literature, it cannot be denied the old Saxon piratical feeling is in us still. Just as the Norway rat has exterminated the British black rat, so do the modern semi-civilised Northmen sail round the globe, invading all lands where the inhabitants are too weak or too simple to repulse them, leaving to the natives a legacy of death and desolation. As to the name of the race which chiefly deserves the honour of these chivalrous deeds—whether Celtic, Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, or any other—let anthropologists settle that interesting fact if they can. It is the work of the British Philistine, of the Arabs of the Ocean, the marine Ishmaelites whose boast it is to teach the nations how to live.

And how long is this to endure? The views of Knox permit us to indulge a gleam of hope for the dark races. "All this endures for a time. At last nature resumes her course, and the intrusive race disappears."\* Are our sympathies to be altogether with the oppressors? Is it wicked to indulge the unpatriotic hope that nature may not intend the dark races to be altogether swept off the face of the earth? Knox distinctly holds that "No race is equal to the colonisation of the whole earth. They cannot extend themselves from one continent to another. Already the Anglo-Saxon rears with difficulty his offspring in Australia; it is the same in most parts of America. But for the supplies they receive from Europe the race would perish, even in the most healthy climates." "A *real native* permanent American or Australian race of pure Saxon blood is a dream which can never be realised." "Nature disclaims the deception, and says to them:— 'You brought with you from Europe all the characters of race—some Celtic, some Saxon, some Scandinavian, some German or Teuton—as such, go where you will, you must ever remain part of the race to which you originally belonged. You are an intrusive race or races, you and your oxen, horses and sheep. By avoiding all intermarriage with the aboriginal races of the soil, and with the black race imported from Africa, you may for a time escape the annihilation of your races; but ahead of you stands the grand difficulty—climate, and an uncongenial soil—certain in time to exhaust the vitality of your race, as it has ever done with all the intrusive. This is one of the checks nature adopts to preserve her species of living forms, against the universality of one form of life; against man himself, for inasmuch as brigandage, or a desire to plunder other nations and races, to rob

\* "A limit, then, seems set to the aggressions of the fair races."

them of their territories, and to reduce them to a sort of bondage or slavery, is the great aim of all the nations and races of men, so, long ere this, one strong-handed, unscrupulous, intellectual race, led by men of genius, a Cæsar, an Alexander, a Napoleon, would have overspread and peopled the earth."

Thus the inexorable laws of inscrutable nature may act not altogether unlike what is called poetical justice. It may be decreed that the dark races are not to be altogether "wiped out" by the unscrupulous fair races. The ruins of European settlements in America, Asia, Africa, Australia, may yet serve to point the moral of civilised rapacity, and to teach wiser generations of the future that each race has its continental area, within which it flourishes, beyond which it decays. The Saxon Christian pirate may be no more successful in extending his race than were his heathen ancestors. The Anglo-Saxon, the enterprising democrat, and practical emigrant, who thinks only of to-day, who firmly believes that he can thrive anywhere, who laughs at the idea that climate can control his insatiable lust of conquest, or curb his wandering propensities, who vaunts that the world was made for him; may yet learn that bull-dog courage, and indefatigable perseverance can do much, but cannot bid defiance to the laws of nature. He cannot colonise India and Central Africa, and as for our flourishing colonies, now fed by perpetual streams of emigration from the mother country, let the successive civilisations in Northern Africa, of Phœnician, Roman, Greek, Vandal, Saracen, and Turk, which all tried and failed to supplant the primitive races—the Moors and others (who were there before Queen Dido, and are there now)—suggest to him that after all, the indigenous races may have some right to the possession of the soil on which each was originally placed.

We perceive clearly that each race has some special merit or advantage, adapting it to the soil and climate to which it is indigenous; rendering it on its own native ground superior to alien races. Place the "greatest of modern philosophers," Mr. John Stuart Mill, or Mr. Carlyle, or Mr. Bright, on the coast of Guinea, and in that land neither of those eminent men will be superior to, or even equal to, in many respects, the Negro. The black man will live within the tropic where the white man would die. The Saxon may be taught some day that the attempt to people the whole globe with his race is a blunder as well as a crime. Nature appears not to have intended one race to monopolise the world. If such should be her intention in the future, possibly Saxons may err in supposing that *they* are the chosen people; the saints who are to inherit the earth. More warlike and more intellectual, and possibly, even more moral and religious races

have tried and failed in the attempt to possess the world. The Saxon is a magnificent portly being in his own islands, especially at a vestry meeting ; but a tropical climate does not respect his rotundity. Possibly, then, he may learn that charity begins at home, and confine himself to posing as a model of moral deportment within humid England. We are not fond of speculating on the designs of Nature, of which every human being is profoundly ignorant (though we suspect that the theologian had better turn over prophecy respecting man's future to the scientific anthropologist), but we respectfully suggest that the difficulty each wandering race finds in supporting and maintaining itself in a foreign climate, is a hint that we might be better employed in restraining our population within our natural area, and bringing our ignorant and semi-civilised masses up to some common standard of comfort and cultivation, instead of destroying "*niggers*" abroad. We wonder if any man of pure Saxon blood understands the esoteric meaning of *Gulliver's Travels*? The King of Brobdingnag wondered to hear Gulliver "talk of such chargeable and expensive wars, that certainly we must be a very quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings." He asked "what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet." We may err in thinking that the Saxon (defined by Knox as : "of all others the most outrageously boasting, arrogant, self-sufficient beyond endurance, holding in utter contempt all other races and all other men") is not destined to colonise the globe. The idea is unpatriotic, unpopular. Some very eminent authorities think that the earth will be peopled by Europeans forming a homogeneous white race.\* But if the white races are to proceed in their work of practically destroying the dark races ; of actually cutting off, and annihilating whole races of men ; subjugating and demoralising others, whose misfortune is that they are developing their respective forms of civilisation at a slower rate, and on a different plan from us, the mushrooms of humanity ; then, if religion, morality, honour, truth, be not mere words ; if there be such things in Europe, let us openly and candidly confess that our mission, and that of the white races generally, in relation to the dark races, is that of the Destroying Angel ! Away with subterfuge, cant, and falsehood ! Does the Saxon butcher pretend to love the calf which he tortures by bleeding for days before killing it ? He leaves that hypocrisy to the church-going lady, who is very particular about getting white veal ! Does the wolf weep over the lamb before

\* See Mr. Wallace "On Natural Selection applied to Anthropology," *Anthropological Review*, Jan. 1867.

rending it? While civilising the dark races off the face of the earth, let us in the name of common decency, leave off talking about their souls, and canting about the universal brotherhood of man! The mockery is too ghastly. Let us either cease usurping and annexing territory along with millions of slaves, to which and to whom we have no moral right whatever, or cease adding insult to injury. If we imitate the conduct of a burglar, by breaking into our dark brother's house and robbing him of his goods, let us at least cease to pose in the attitude of a saint. If we preach—preach. If we flog—flog. But do not preach and flog together. Why the mockery of buying the territory which we compel the dark races to sell us? Why the sermon on the mount accompanied with Armstrong guns and iron-clads? Would it not be more decent to keep the Bible out of sight, while handing the brandy-bottle to our dark brother; while driving a brisk trade in rum, to drop the subject of religion, at least until our missionary and civilising work has been done as effectually as in Tasmania? Our system of colonisation is simply war, carried on under a flag of truce. Let it be open war. While obeying the animal propensities—combativeness, destructiveness, acquisitiveness—let us no longer profess to gratify the higher organs of benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness. Strip off the pharisaic mantle of philanthropy, religion, and duty. Let the Anglo-Saxon filibuster stand uncovered in all his beauty, “when unadorned adorned the most.” Let him see himself as others see him—ruthlessly at war with every living organism, plant, animal, and man, which he cannot utilise for his own special benefit; enslaving some races, destroying others, stamping out, in his blind selfish fury, “the image of God carved in ebony,” taking far more care to preserve the skins of lions and tigers than the skins of human races, which he has annihilated, and believing that after his earthly “mission” has been accomplished, he, the most religious of men, will be rewarded with a crown of glory; true descendant of the old Scandinavian pirates, who believed in a perpetual recurrence of fighting and carousing in Walhalla. The great French satirist, Voltaire, was not far wrong when he defined men as “insects devouring one another on a little atom of mud.”

Our limits compel us to conclude our view of the Saxon race, gleaned from a work more suggestive, comprehensive, and interesting, than any other of a similar compass. That this great practical anthropologist, who brings the science of man down out of the clouds (to its intimate relations with humanity in religion, politics, government, national conduct, and every department of human action), should by many be misunderstood and disliked, is extremely natural. He has got a knack of telling unpleasant truths in very plain language. He forgets

to flatter priests, kings, statesmen, aristocracies, national prejudices. His style is remarkably caustic, trenchant, epigrammatic. It requires thought and preparatory study to gather and digest his meaning. If Mr. Carlyle be right in thinking most people fools, it will be some time before Knox be as popular as Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The large and noble army of "*trimmers*" think Knox altogether too plain-spoken for a man of science. A beautiful thing science would be if left in their hands; discussing vital questions with the fear of Mrs. Grundy before their eyes! They would cabin, crib, confine anthropology, and sink it to the level of popular theology, making it a thing of compromise, a mere slavish tool of a dynasty, a priesthood, a government, a nation, a corporation. Their censure is the highest praise. We conclude by stating, in the words of Knox, why his book will excite strenuous opposition:

"It runs counter to nearly all the chronicles of events called histories; it overturns the theories of statesmen, of theologians, of philanthropists of all shades—from the dreamy essayist, whose remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, is summed up in 'the coming man' to the 'whitened sepulchres of England;' the hard-handed, spatula-fingered Saxon utilitarian, whose best plea for religion and sound morals and philanthropy, 'is the profitableness thereof'—impostors all! To such the truths in this little work must ever be most unpalatable. The inordinate self-esteem of the Saxon will be shocked, nor will he listen with composure to a theory which tells him, proves to him, that his race cannot domineer over the earth—cannot even exist permanently on any continent to which he is not indigenous—cannot ever become native, true-born Americans—cannot hold in permanency any portion of any continent but the one on which he first originated. Physiologists will dispute with me the great law I have endeavoured to substitute for the effete common-place of the schools; geologists will think me hasty in declaring the era of Cuvier at an end; theologians—but here I stop; a reply shall not be wanting. As to the hack compilers, they will first deny the doctrine to be true; when this becomes clearly untenable they will deny that it is new, and they will finish by engrossing the whole in their next compilations, omitting carefully the name of the author."

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### THE BRAIN OF A NEGRO OF GUINEA.\*

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THIS is a careful description, by a well-instructed and very eminent anatomist, of the brain of a male Negro from Guinea, illustrated by a series of eight fine lithographic plates, bearing every appearance of

\* *Cervello di un Negro della Guinea, illustrato con otto tavole litografiche*, dal Prof. Cav. Luigi Calori. Bologna: 1866, quarto.